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"May the angels lead thee into Paradise; at thy coming may the Martyrs receive, and bring thee into the holy city, Jerusalem. May the choir of angels receive thee, and with Lazarus, once a beggar, mayest thou have eternal rest."

—Quoted from the liturgy of the Church by Archbishop Rummel at the Solemn Pontifical Mass of Requiem for Cardinal Hayes.

PATRICK CARDINAL HAYES
(*Photographed at College of New Rochelle, Commencement, 1938*)

In Memoriam

MARIE YANARELLA '39

LESS than three months ago, Patrick Cardinal Hayes passed away in his sleep at his summer home. Almost immediately, the news of his death went out over the air into millions of homes; and preparations were begun to make the Cardinal's funeral a fitting farewell to so eminent a son of the Church. The great organ, whispering through the incense-laden atmosphere of St. Patrick's Cathedral, summoned the scarlet-capped bishops and the purple-robed monsignori to assist at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass while outside, on Fifth Avenue and in the surrounding streets, huge crowds of the faithful waited to do homage to their leader who lay on the candle-flanked catafalque before the high altar. During the week, thousands of people, Protestants and Jews among them, filed past the bier under the watchful eyes of the police and the impassive stare of the soldiers who guarded it.

And yet, in the midst of all this pomp, it had been well for those who knelt inside to forget, in a measure, the richly robed body and, turning to the altar, remember in prayers the man they mourned. For the body is of little importance, else why do we weep while yet we have it with us? It is not the body that makes the eye speak with intelligence, not the body that is the origin of a friendly smile; it was not that which lay in the Cathedral that made us of the College of New Rochelle listen with affection and respect to the living Cardinal Hayes when he presided so graciously at our Commencements. No, it was the soul of a great and good man that we heard and remembered.

Among those who, at the time of his death, heaped eulogies on the Cardinal were the leaders of a state which well knew his

importance. Having the influence over millions of souls that only a spiritual leader can possess, Cardinal Hayes was in a position that many a more ambitious man might have envied. Yet, he used this influence wisely, giving freely of his counsel. He worked constantly, seeking to awaken in his people an enthusiasm for the ideals of liberty and democracy which he himself cherished and which are being so universally discredited through the blunders of those who would seem to be their natural guardians. In the political field, he admonished his flock to heed above all the dangers of Communism and the encroachments of bureaucracy.

But more than his political pronouncements which were, in the final analysis, less numerous than might be expected of a man in his position — he used a prudent restraint in this regard — more than this, we may recount his efforts in behalf of the poor. Everyone is, by now, familiar with the title, "Cardinal of Charities," as applied to the late Cardinal Hayes and truly, it is fitting that he be so designated. Under his inspiration and direction, the great work of the Catholic Charities was inaugurated and carried on. Countless needy families were given aid, old people assured of security for the rest of their lives, and under-privileged children, through the medium of this organization, given the care and attention they lacked. Moreover, the alleviation of physical ills was accompanied, in some cases, by actual religious instruction and was never divorced completely from the religious ideal. Thus it was that nuns took care of children in nursery schools and kindergartens, while the aged were protected against sometimes harsh secular charity.

About His Eminence's life little need be said; it is recorded elsewhere, fully and competently. The orphan boy at La Salle Academy, the college student, the seminarian, the young priest are common aspects of the man who was later bishop, arch-bishop and then Cardinal. However, in the face of death all this makes

little difference for as *Everyman* discovered, honors, strength, and wisdom all will desert at the brink of the grave and it is only good deeds which will succor man in his hour of dissolution and plead for him before the throne of Almighty God. By all his known benevolences, then, by all his hidden kindnesses which God alone sees and looks on with favor, by his simplicity of faith, by his greatness of heart may he be judged and may his soul rest in peace.

Petition

I live in a silent world.
My life is one of agonizing stillness.
Lord, I want to hear all the sounds that mean life —
To hear the rasping of a shovel against clean, damp earth
When the fields are being turned,
To hear the humming of myriads of insects
On summer nights,
And the loud voice of Heaven during a storm.
But dearest Lord, to-night someone I love died,
And all these other sounds I could forbear
If for one moment
I could hear the clanging of the golden doors of Heaven
As she enters Paradise.

IRENE MAHONEY '41.

Venus Keeps a Date

CARMEN KENNEDY '39

THE girls from Wilma Bush College who crowded into the "Wild Geese Knoll," more familiarly known as the "Mild Greese Bowl," were essentially the same as their sisters who flock to any other off-campus favorite. There, things more important than the Peace Treaty or the Hundred Years' War are hashed over. Things more pertinent, like last night's date and the prospects of one for tomorrow night, are discussed between bites of half-cooked hamburger and sips of coca cola.

Gail Martin, however, though she went to "The Bowl" regularly, very seldom had anything or any man to talk about. As she said, the only dates she kept were with her dentist and those only twice a year. It wasn't that she didn't have everything a girl needs to keep her phone ringing. She did. In fact, Gail could have matched any of the campus queens, point for point, and come out way in front. But she had something the other girls didn't have. She had a father who thought that any girl who went out unescorted was a hussy. And as Gail had never found any one who wanted to carry a spare along, she spent her week-ends writing history papers and catching up on the other girls' work for them.

As she sat listening to Imogene's extravagant description of some "simply smooth" individual, Gail tried to keep the envy she was feeling at a minimum. She tried to forget that the only reason the girls let her skirt the edges of the charmed circle at all was because she could be counted on to answer "present" for them when they cut classes to keep dates. "Just a stooge" she sometimes accused herself, but it would have been worse if they had cut her out entirely, and she knew it.

"Cigarette?" Betty asked.

"No thanks," Gail shook her head. "My father —"

"Your father should be told," Betty said, "gently told, that this is nineteen hundred and thirty-eight. That man ought to be running an antique shop. I never heard of a parent who was so hard to handle."

But then they forgot her again and went back to mental swoonings and verbal ecstasies over Imogene's Adonis. That left Gail free to shudder at the idea of anyone's trying to handle her father. And she could picture herself confiding in him her desire to smoke! He would stare at her in amazement as though she were a fair candidate for a lunatic asylum. Then he would ask, "*Where* do you get notions like that, Abigail? At the club? Then I think you had better not go there any more." That was the way he was, old fashioned, proud, stern — taking one hard-earned privilege away as the price of her asking another. Gail knew that she was the guinea-pig in his experiment to prove that, without the help of grandmothers or maiden aunts, he could rear a lady. The only trouble was that his definition of "lady" came from the musty pages of Godey and not Emily Post.

When he allowed her to attend Wilma Bush it had been with a warning. So for two years Gail had been walking on egg shells, aware that as a penalty for the slightest misdemeanor she would find herself transferred to the severely disciplined finishing school from which her grandmother had been graduated.

Conversation at her table had switched to the spring formal at State. Betty was talking about the bid she had from Fred Slayton. Gail listened for a few minutes, wishing that she too had some plans to confide. Then she drew a deep breath and told the lie that started everything: "Oh, are you going, Betty? I was invited too." It was as though someone behind her had uttered the words, for certainly *she* hadn't planned them.

The girls stared at her as though for the first time. And

she could feel them mentally moving over to make room for a confederate. It was Imogene who finally broke the silence. "You going, Gail? Who with?"

Gail was almost stopped by that one — that ungrammatical "who with!" She knew no one at State except that boy she had seen around the club last summer. The tall, exciting-looking one whom her critical father had called a beach lizard, because he was always to be found basking in both sunlight and feminine adoration. He had never seen her nor the smiles she sent him from the steps of her father's cabana. He had, however, given her dreams a name and height and dark curly hair. Again she breathed deep. "Dick Lansing asked me. Oh, but — I mean — I'm not going. My father would never —." They *had* been waiting for her answer and it couldn't hurt anyone to pretend, not just this once.

Betty squealed. "Dick Lansing? Did you say Dick Lansing? He's the campus idol, or at least he is when there are any women on the campus. He doesn't draw much water with the men, but, oh! those eyes! Why do you think I go up with a drip like Freddie, if it isn't to meet some one like him? Why, Freddie has hay-fever and sneezes to punctuate each sentence. But I bear it stoically, hoping I might —. Why Gail, didn't you say your father was away on a business trip?"

Gail shook her head. "No. That is, I thought he was going, but —."

"You did so. You said he *went.* Gail Martin, you *are* going to that dance. You're driving up with me and your father will never know the difference."

Gail protested. She thought of everything. But the girls had got into the spirit of the occasion, had taken it up like a war slogan. No excuse made any impression on them. Before she knew it, she was standing in the Westren Union Office wording

a telegram. "But I don't know the address. I — I left it home."

"Don't worry so about non-essentials," Betty said. "They come in my department."

And so the message went out. "Coming this week-end. Changed my mind." (signed) "Gail Martin."

In an hour there was an answer that the girls didn't see. It was just as well because it read, "You what?" (signed) "Dick Lansing."

On Wednesday Gail decided she would be sick. She stayed in bed until Betty and Imogene came and dragged her out. "Don't pull an act," Imogene warned. "You're just scared your Father'll find out. He's ruined your chances of having fun for years. It's about time you took matters in your own hands."

"Besides," Betty added, "I want to meet Dick Lansing."

The girls had a wonderful time. They took Gail shopping for an evening dress. And as she slipped each shimmering gown over her curls, Gail felt the net closing tight around her. She felt as if it were her shroud she was buying. And she would have taken any dress, even the first one that was all bows and flounces, but Betty objected. "It's got to be smooth," she said. "You wouldn't want Dick to wish he hadn't asked you, would you?"

Gail almost forgot her misery long enough to laugh at that one. She didn't, though, because she had forgotten how to laugh.

The girls finally decided on a black dress that seemed all skirt and thin straps. They said it was swell with her eyes and hair. Gave her that haunted look. And Gail didn't argue cause and effect with them. She didn't say that the facial shadows might have come from lying awake and shaking so hard that the bed worked two feet out from the wall by morning.

On Friday Gail said she was sick again. She sent herself a telegram telling herself to come home. She wrote a note saying,

"Gail Martin must not leave the campus this week-end," and signed the Dean's name. But to no avail. At one o'clock Imogene put Gail's bag in the back of Betty's car and ordered firmly, "Get in!" Gail obeyed, and when she was sitting beside Betty she waved goodbye to Imogene and the others with a hand that shook itself.

As they sped over the highway, Betty told Gail how silly it was to be scared of her father. Only Gail wasn't listening. She was trying to figure out some last plan by which she could save herself from the consequences of her lie. There *was* no way. So she cleared her throat and tried to tell Betty, but no words came. How could Betty or the other girls know what it was like to want to be included in plans, and always to be left out? To have no life but what her father arranged? There was, too, the vague hope that Dick Lansing might, dear God, he might —. So she said nothing.

At three o'clock they stopped before a big, rambling house. "That's Gamma," Betty said. "I'll just go in with you to help you find him."

"No — I mean never mind, I'll be all right."

Betty laughed then. "You're sort of excited, aren't you, Gail? Well, I was too, my first week-end at a frat house. I'm going in just to see that you get a room and everything, then I'll leave."

Gail picked up her bag, shut her eyes and followed the sound of Betty's footsteps. They went up some steps and into a room where there were voices and laughter and general bedlam. With a practised air Betty walked on toward the wide stairway that led to the bedrooms. "If you don't just go pick one early," she explained, "you're apt to find yourself without any place to sleep."

Gail put her bag down and stared at Betty. It seemed incredible that she was here. She had been bearing it patiently all week, as you bear a nightmare, because you know you'll wake up.

But this was worse than any dream she had ever had, and it was real.

"Come on down to the car with me and I'll point out the Deke house to you. Then if Dick takes too long you can walk over to see me later."

Out at the car, Betty was pointing at a red tile roof when Dick came around the corner. Gail felt as though she were on an elevator that was going swiftly down under incompetent hands. "Please, God, don't let Betty see him. I know I was wrong, but don't punish me now. Let Dad find out — and the others back at school. But not now."

"Isn't that Dick? Talk about having a man wrapped around your finger! He's cut his classes to get you quick. Imagine Dick Lansing in a hurry to see any girl."

"Please, Betty. Will you go now? I mean, I want to talk to him alone. Please!"

Betty looked disappointed but she said, "O. K. Gail, but that's not sharing your wealth, you know."

"Later! Please go now."

Gail knew there was nothing else to do but to start walking toward him. Behind her Betty seemed to be having trouble starting the car. But as she got nearer and nearer to the approaching boy, Gail decided it was man trouble and not engine trouble that was holding Betty up.

Gail's mouth was dry when she stopped him with her hand on his arm. "Hello, Dick."

He smiled down as though a small animal had attached itself to him. "Hello there. I — I've seen you before, haven't I. At the house party last fall?" His eyes were straining past her and somehow he managed to give the impression of being in a hurry.

"No. That is, well, I'm Gail Martin. It's a joke. I mean, it was sort of a joke."

"Oh, yes! Gail Martin. You sent that telegram. That *was* quite a joke. Who are you up with?"

"I'm not — that's the thing. You see — I didn't —" Gail stopped in a panic of embarrassment. She felt his eyes travel over her sweater and tweed skirt. He took in her saddle shoes with their scuffed toes. She hadn't wanted to dress like that but Betty had said, "If you go all dressed up they think you're too anxious. Too glad you were invited. Just wear your old things up, but in the night when you're formal, anything goes." Gail was doubting the wisdom of her sage's words. She wanted to faint, or to die. She wanted to do anything except stand there staring, speechless, into the handsome, carefully polite face of this man.

"Well," he said with a too brilliant smile, "I have to be getting back to the house now. I'm very glad to have met you, Miss Martin."

Gail wanted to explain about her loneliness, and the need to have some one she could talk about in "The Bowl." Again she stopped him. "Could I just walk back to the house with you? My — my bag is in there. I have to get it. Then I'll go. I promise. And — my friend is watching." She heard Betty's car start and roll slowly up behind them. He was staring at her in amazement. "You mean — your bags. You brought them in the *house?*"

Then Betty's car stopped. "Hello, you two! Wasn't it nice of me to bring Gail up, Mr. Lansing? She was afraid, but I told her —."

Dick looked around in desperation, as though seeking an escape. "Yes, very nice. I'm afraid I have an engagement now. You'll excuse me, I'm sure?" He smiled again, less brilliantly, turned, and walked swiftly back in the direction from which he had come.

"Why, Gail!" Betty exclaimed. "What ever is the —." But Gail waited for no more. She raced up the walk and stairs through the big, crowded room and up to the bedroom.

She flung herself on the bed and cried. But even as the sobs choked her throat, she felt better. Men weren't worth all the time she had wished and dreamed and prayed. Men were conceited and smug and stuffy with convention. They were assorted pains in the neck and the girls back at school were suffering illusions.

Gail sat up and wiped her eyes. She'd just go back and tell those girls what she'd done, before Betty had a chance. Why should she lie about a man who smiled and ran — like a jack rabbit, scared to death? If her friends didn't like it, they could —.

As though he were alone in the room, a boy in corduroy slacks and a big "1941" in maroon letters on his sweater was calmly dusting the bureau. "Don't let me stop you," he said. "I would have left before but I have to clean up this room pretty quick. Besides, I thought I'd stick around to see that you didn't jump out a window. Gamma has just planted flowers down there and the boys would be sore if you messed them all up."

"All right," Gail said. "Go on and laugh. But if I were picking a fraternity, I think I'd be able to find a better one than this to start pledging in."

"I'm not," he informed her, "even thinking of pledging. All I want to do is finish this room as quick as I can because I have plenty more to do before the day is over. Look," he said, "my name is Steve Bishop and if there's anything I can do to help, I'd really like to. Maybe you'd feel better if you told me what brought on the water works? Would you?"

Gail stared at him a minute. She thought she would tell him because there was something about him that she liked — even if he was only a freshman. It might have been the way only his mouth laughed at her. His eyes said they were sorry. That was

probably because he had only been here a year, because he had to work his way through school, helping in the frat house. He hadn't had time to get like the rest of them.

"Wasn't there any other job you could get?" she asked. "It must be awful working for a lot of men who think they're too good to live."

"Working here? Oh, it's not bad. But you do want to tell me what started the storm scene?"

He drew up a chair and she told the whole thing. He didn't interrupt either, to moralize, the way she was afraid he would. He just listened.

"That's quite a tale," he said, when she was through. "*Quite* a tale. Of course, you shouldn't have come because your father can't keep you locked away from the prying and appreciative eye of the male forever. And you're wrong to feel like a weed growing in the garden of beauty when you're with your girl friends. Now, do you know what you're going to do? You're going to take off those clothes of 'studied indifference', climb into your Doctor Dentons, and get some sleep. I have some work to do now but I'll be back with a tray of dinner later. I — I know the cook so it'll be all right."

Gail was busy recalling and modifying the universal denouncement of men she had made such a short time ago. "You're being awfully nice. I know all this mess is my own fault but you're making it much easier, Steve Bishop."

"Do you know what I think, Gail? I think you're going to the dance with me. I'm asking you. See how easy it is? You can be like Caesar and come and see and conquer, if you'll forget your father and those talkative friends. I think they've given you one of those inferiority things."

Gail was embarrassed. He was just asking her to be nice, and he probably couldn't afford to go. She wanted to say "yes"

because the dance would surely be fun if she went with this boy, Steve. It wouldn't be much of a triumph, though, to meet Betty and Dick Lansing, escorted by a freshman.

"Oh, I see," he said, "You're smug too. Like Lansing. Only in a more genteel manner. Think we'll have to find a sign, 'Servant's entrance in the rear?' "

"No! Oh, no! I was thinking how much fun it would be."

She decided to forget Dick and Betty and just enjoy herself. "But, I mean, if it's going to be too expensive —."

"Don't worry about expenses, that's a job for Bishop. Go to bed now, like a good little girl, and I'll be back with your dinner later."

As Gail struggled out of her dress she murmured, "I think I'm going crazy."

She fell asleep memorizing the way his eyes crinkled at the corners when he smiled, like tiny arrows pointing out. And the way he was slim and just tall enough. "If this is punishment for doing evil," she thought, "I'm about to launch the biggest crime wave that ever hit this country." In the last deep drowsiness before real sleep, Gail managed to stick her tongue part way out in defiance of Betty and Dick Lansing and any possible consequences of the evening.

She woke when a voice shouted through the door, "Hey! What did you do in there? Die?"

In answer to her sleepy, "Who is it?" he called back, "It's Steve. Remember? Listen hard now because this is complicated. Your dinner is rapidly cooling on the floor out here. After you eat it, put on your evening finery and I'll be back in an hour. I expect you to be ravishing by that time. There's a bath down the hall if there's any salt still stuck to your lashes. You needn't be afraid of prying eyes because all the fellows are confined to the lower floor, by force, if necessary. Bye now. I have work to do."

Gail almost cried when she found the corsage of violets on her tray. There was no card, but scrawled on the napkin was the puzzling message, "You've heard the poem about the shy violet growing undiscovered and unappreciated in yon meadow? Well, did you know that said violet was recently discovered by Steve?"

This was the kind of thing they talked about in "The Bowl." But as Gail buried her face in their soft fragrance she was amazed to find she didn't want to tell the girls about either the flowers or Steve. This night belonged to her — and, if he wanted it, to him too.

After she was dressed, Gail pulled her curls high on her head and pinned them there. She outlined her lips with raspberry lipstick. And then she committed the final sin against her father's upbringing. She mascarred her lashes lightly and was amazed to see them reflected long and thick in the glass. In her eyes was a depth and sparkle that was new; but whether to attribute that to cosmetics or to the funny, excited bubbles that formed and broke inside her, she did not know.

When she opened the door in answer to his knock, Gail thought Steve much more handsome in evening clothes than he had been in corduroy. He frightened her a little, though, standing there so straight and dignified. Then he smiled his funny, crooked grin and everything was all right again.

"There's one good thing about picking a girl with a red, wet face," he said, looking her over with satisfaction, "you could be right when you think she might, in her natural state, be beautiful."

"Oh, but it's not natural! It's lipstick, and rouge, and even mascarra."

"Well," he said contentedly, "at least there was a good foundation for a nice paint job."

They walked slowly, arm in arm, over to the gym. When

he stopped to point out the bright North Star, and told her to make a wish, Gail could think of nothing better than to ask that she might walk again with Steve, under other stars.

In the gaily decorated hall, she had hardly taken a step in Steve's arms before someone cut in. After that there was a stampede and she was in the middle of it. There were tall boys and short boys. There were boys with Southern accents and boys with the Western twang. There was even Dick Lansing. "You certainly put one over on me, Gail Martin. The laugh sure is on me."

Gail tried to smile, to look very wise. I *am* crazy, she decided, crazy. Stark raving mad.

"I was just telling the boys," he said, "you and——" but someone cut in. And with a "Goodbye for now, Gorgeous," Dick had to leave

Gail wished that Steve would come back. There was this dream of being popular come true. But it wasn't enough unless Steve——. She looked over heads and around backs, but he was nowhere that she could see. She did see Betty, however, motioning toward the door. With burning cheeks, Gail excused herself and followed Betty out.

"Would you mind," Betty asked, "would you mind very much explaining what this is all about? You come with Dick Lansing only he doesn't know you. Oh, no he didn't, Gail. Then you turn up with the chairman of this little affair. Now, what's the score?"

Gail was going to tell the truth if it killed her. "Steve isn't the chairman, Betty. That's who I came with, Steve Bishop. He's just a freshman who——."

"A freshman?" Betty demanded, beating herself on the head. "Are you trying to be funny or can't you help acting this way? Whom did you come up here to see?"

"I — I don't know." Gail found it wasn't very easy to explain. "See, Steve was, well, he was working. I mean, he was dusting that room over at Gamma and he asked me to go with him." That didn't sound too bad, Gail decided.

"Look, Gail." Betty was definitely growing disgusted. "I'll give you one more chance. Do you honestly believe that Steve is a freshman who dusts, as you put it? Or do you know that he is president of the senior class, chairman of this dance, and that 'Skyrocket End' there was so much about in the football news this fall? Also, do you realize that he was around all afternoon talking about the Venus he was taking tonight? If Steve Bishop thinks you're Venus, then I guess you're Venus. But what I——."

Gail interrupted her with a forlorn "Excuse me," and started quickly down the hall. He didn't work and he wasn't a freshman. President! Skyrocket End! Chairman! No wonder she was popular. Venus! It was his popularity not hers. Like in the ads, Steve had probably bribed those boys to dance with her. What had he been dusting for if he didn't work? And why was he wearing that sweater if he wasn't a freshman? He was probably doubled up some place having hysterics at her right now.

But he wasn't laughing when he grabbed her arm as she started out the door. "That's very rude," he said. "You're supposed to leave with the same guy as what brung you. If you want to go home, I'll take you. All you have to do is ask me."

"You don't either work here. You — you. Here are your violets." Then she opened her bag and took out the big napkin that was scrawled over with printing. "Here's this too. I don't want-it-any-more. I'm leaving n-n-now."

He took the napkin from her. "You *are* a sweet kid, aren't you? Come on outside and we'll wipe your eyes with it. That stuff you put on is running in muddy rivers down your face.

Listen, Gail, when I got back to my room this afternoon, after helping to decorate the gym, I saw your bag and figured that if any girl was going to stay there it had better be a lot cleaner than it was."

He picked her up and set her on the wall. Out of his pocket he took a handkerchief. "Blow!" Steve commanded. "And don't cry any more. It — it gets me. I thought it was pretty funny when you thought I was a freshman. I mean, it was good for me. You don't know how it hurts a senior's pride to be taken for the lowest of all animals, a freshman."

"Well, if you hate them so much, why do you run around in — in sweaters with nineteen forty-one plastered all over."

"Gail," he said, shaking his head, "I'm afraid you exaggerate. There was only one sweater. It was getting cold over in the gym, so I made one of our pledges give me his. When you thought I worked that was all right too. A lot of swell fellows do. Then because you were so sad about never having any fun, I figured I knew a way to get you some. If that was wrong, Gail, then I'm sorry. And I didn't contact all those boys this afternoon. I started the ball rolling but you certainly helped."

"I guess I can't accuse you of deception," Gail said. "I'm getting to be such a master of it myself. Steve, can I — could I have the napkin back, as a — a sort of souvenir? And I do think it was nice of you to do all that for me."

Steve laughed. "You said that already this afternoon. I thought it would be fun too. But frankly, seeing you go from one pair of arms to another wasn't as gratifying as I had planned it to be. Gail, you certainly can have the napkin but that isn't what a Gamma boy *usually* gives his girl. There's a little pin just made for times like this when he feels he must give her something. Maybe you'll wear mine some day, Gail? Maybe some day you'll want to?"

He saw the deep shining depths in her eyes that had nothing to do with artifice, for the mascarra was all washed away. Steve leaned toward her, and cupped her face in his hands. "I'm going to kiss you, not because I feel sorry for *you* but because I feel sorry for *myself* — that I've lived all these years thinking I was happy when I didn't even know you were in the world."

When his lips were on hers, Gail did not wonder what her father would say. She gave herself up to the sweet magic of his kiss.

While overhead, the North Star winked across the opaque sky at Venus.

Definitions

Memory
Is a candle glowing
In the dark window
Of forgotten things.

Love
Is silver thread woven
On the dull tapestry
Of life.

Nuns
Are virgins with eternity
Whispering in the folds of their
Dark robes.

Dreams
Are stars burning
In the opaque light
Of reality.

Souls
Are God's immortal missioners,
Working in time, to reform
The body.

CARMEN KENNEDY '39.

Peace In Our Day

CATHERINE ARCHER '39

THE world with its rough assortment of nations is too much with us. And though it looks, at times, like an unpleasantly jaded bit of surrealist portraiture, it fairly yelps at the passing scene, forcing its attention upon the naturally indifferent, wheedling the sane and soothing balm of interpretation from the most reluctant; so that what would seem rash presumption becomes the accepted procedure. And even the most incompetent must look curiously at the crude brush strokes left by the world's craftsmen, and seek to explain it to themselves.

As a group, the best claim of our generation to distinction is that it just straddles two decades of confusion and squabbling and yet remains fundamentally sound, temperate in its idealism, and disposed to consecrate its energies to peace. A transcendent goal certainly — yet possible of achievement; and to that possibility, organized youth everywhere testifies with an enthusiastic credo.

And how necessary that enthusiasm! For the earth and all upon it have been given to the children of men and right reason allots to each his part. But now, because of the very proximity of nations, nothing less than the whole of their collective heritage waits upon the good will of this generation. Peace among nations is its greatest problem and its dearest hope.

To the Thomist examining the problem, it is axiomatic that "wherever there is peace there is concord, but where there is concord, there is not necessarily peace." The distinction being that peace flows from the unity of human wills and from a common aim; whereas, concord may be imposed from above. The latter is less positive and more precarious.

Diplomats and statesmen of the early nineteenth century dealt in concord, the realistic, often ruthless and arbitrary arrangement of peoples with a view to averting a war as long as possible. Such was the Metternichian strategy, designed to curb the ebullient child of Europe, France. After the Napoleonic wars had partially infected Europe with the philosophy of the Enlightenment, the stern Austrian count effectively squashed the three bouncing eaglets — liberté, egalité, fraternite — so abhorrent to his reactionary soul, and returned them to their revolutionary roost. But the shrill screams of the high-flying birds had not gone unheard; and it was left to the more somber notes of the Concert of Europe to quell the upsurge of romantic nationalism that threatened the newly established comity of nations.

Maestro Metternich did his work well. There was a healthy single-mindedness in those monarchs who held themselves to strict account for the imposition of this policeman's peace; and though reaction reigned while newly articulate nationals seethed, Europe kept the peace for a quarter of a century.

But nationalism was beating its way upward toward the light and, enroute, it had picked up an aura of traditionalism, an appeal for cultural, lingual, ethnic unity that made it irrepressible — particularly since it had fed on the bitter elixir of suppression. And in 1848 the forces of discontent blew up. For a brief moment, nationalism with her noisy little brother, democracy, pirouetted across the map of Central Europe before the mailed fist of the Austrian Empire reached out and once more clamped down. But the seductive miss had attracted too many ardent admirers who had pledged their hearts, their hands, their very lives to her cause. Nationalism became more aggressive, more cohesive, until finally in 1870, the strong modern states of Italy and Germany emerged from the wars of unification under the far-sighted and iron-bound tutelage of their respective sponsors, Cavour and Bis-

marck. Thus Europe entered a new era in the political relationships of her nations.

Again, this second era was still concord, rather than the peace which is the "tranquility of right order." But it differed from the first peace, the fiat peace of the Concert of Europe. Simply and horribly enough this second stage was a "situation" — the "general situation which makes it certain that war will come"* — a situation which was the result of the juxtaposition of nations all independent and all armed and a situation which was not to be resolved without tribute to the awful harpies of war.

Granted such a situation — according to G. Lowes Dickinson — if war does come — it evolves along distressingly definite lines. Each state arms itself to the teeth, not because it plans aggression, but because it cannot count on the like integrity of its neighbor. Each state fears attack, and fearing, enters into congenial alliances often determined more by accidental considerations than by far-reaching community of interest. The balance of power shifts repeatedly between opposing states or groups of states; and because it is not a real balance but a perversion thereof, a "perpetual effort to get the better of the balance," that effort gathers momentum. The number of squabbling camps becomes fewer but the forces in each are concentrated. A bilateral tug of war develops and the balance becomes simple

Moreover, nations dare not disarm. Political defense or "really defense" does not preclude military aggression. "Really defense" deems it but common sense for a nation to hit first if provoked beyond bearing. There is no contradiction between it and the piling of arms upon arms.

There are other facets to defense thus conceived and executed. The states concerned are large, zealous, expanding. No war may be entered into except for defense; but, when war comes, 'twere

* Dickinson, G. Lowes, *International Anarchy.*

folly not to annex all that may reasonably be had. Only in this way may frontiers be stretched to a more secure point, additional soldiers made available, openings on the sea acquired. But not seldom, reason is sublimated to passion; and the ugly hysteria of nationalism comes to the fore when minorities are able to incite whole states to the lust for power and prestige. It is this latent propensity for aggression that helps make the "defensive" war such a criminal weapon.

Mr. Dickinson sums up:

"States armed, and therefore a menace to one another; policies ostensibly defensive, but really just as much offensive; these policies pursued in the dark by a very few men who, because they act secretly, cannot act honestly; and this whole complex playing upon primitive passions, arousable at any moment by appropriate appeals from a Press which has no object except to make money out of the weaknesses of men. That is the real situation of the world under the conditions of the international anarchy."

And that was Europe, the boiling cauldron, when in 1914, the diplomatic lid blew off, and the whole world went to war. It is hard to believe that any organized peace movement could have been successful in the period just outlined — given the world structure to be what it was. There was no machinery for controlling international relations; and in the absence of such a brake, even the most tireless and widespread movements must have faltered before secret alliances, staggering armaments, and the struggles of empire builders. But the enormity of the four-year horror evoked an extraordinary effort from the partisans of peace; and before the Conference assembled, American and British statesmen were armed with drafts for a world association of nations.

The basic limitations and defects in the League's structure have been discussed and debated endlessly. What is important for

this panoramic survey, is that, when the high contracting parties did enter into an international association, they accepted thereby the *sine qua non* of permanent peace, abjuring the former recourse to unauthorized alliances or to neutrality, and dismissing the need for dependence upon the ephemeral support of a perfidious neighbor. Yet, despite the mutual covenant, the League was suffered to become the object of universal criticism on the part of those whose first interest should have been to support it.

Because the general security provided for was never completely effected — not even by the narrow assistance pacts of Locarno in 1925; because the failure of disarmament efforts brought an undeserved odium upon the League when the stigma deservedly belonged to those powers who would not cooperate with it; because the high-minded Pact of Paris outlawing war was effectively shelved by a recurring nationalism that found no strong organization to stop the epidemic of undeclared wars waged in her name; and because our own country dealt only in trumpet calls sent across the seas from the deep hole of isolation which she had dug — the League rapidly lost prestige in the thirties. Japan's push into China in 1931 ruffled an already huffy world; and when in 1936, the Stop Italy chant from the sidelines succeeded in embarrassing only the referee, the embarrassment was almost complete. Immediately Herr Hitler began shedding his post-war shackles, until in our day the fundamental reality of European politics must be the effort to keep Germany from getting completely out of hand.

The last few weeks have seen the League's instruments apparently tossed by the board; for in the peace parcelled out at Munich it was completely overlooked with an ignorance that would have been effrontery had the League been less senile. A joyous Germany, in the flush of her newly unfettered power, stood squarely on her Eastern push policy, and was admitted to full parity in the Conference.

Is this new arrangement which in some respects harks back to the early nineteenth century structure a permanent thing? Is it the logical successor of the League which had become little more than an association of sovereign states? Has the very effective though impromptu conference of assorted dictators and democrats completely stifled the quasi-federalism of the League which, in principle at least, subjected all peoples, big and not so big, to the binding authority of law in the settlement of disputes? Who is to say?

At any rate the problem still remains. And the single inescapable starting point of what must needs be a complicated solution is the necessity for "a society of states, required by nature itself and involving therefore a duty on the part of sovereigns (or of sovereign peoples) to enter into it, so soon as international commerce and communications (bring) into being constant relations between their several states."*

Furthermore, the paramount need continues to be (as in 1917 when Benedict XV proposed it) for "a threefold foundation for the structure of international order: the reciprocal diminution of armaments, the establishment of arbitration in the place of rival armies, and 'sanctions to be determined against any state which should refuse to submit its international disputes to arbitration or to accept the arbitral award.' "**

There are many more comprehensive proposals. For example, Professor James T. Shotwell of Columbia has described (*On the Rim of the Abyss*) a most reasonable and persuasive plan which proposes to rehabilitate the existing League and to buttress the vacuous Pact of Paris with active international cooperation for a positive peace. The nucleus of the plan presents any war zone as an abyss and proposes that a nation's commitments to guarantee

* Eppstein, "Order or Chaos," *Blackfriars*, Dec., 1936, p. 917.
** *ibid*, p. 916.

military force for security be proportioned inversely to that nation's distance from the abyss. That is, cooperation is to be graded in a series of concentric circles.

Certain it is that whatever the solution "those whose religion is universal, designed for the salvation of all peoples, and grounded in truth divinely revealed and divinely safeguarded, cannot, if they are true to their principles, be indifferent to the urgent necessity of saving the world from war, and of saving it by means which respond to the postulates of Right Reason and Christian Charity."* It is decidedly no negative problem.

It is to be hoped that we whose span of existence just approximates that world epoch which began in a general Armistice will consider peace as a birthright, not to be bartered lightly, never to be taken for granted, and always to be deemed worthy of our best efforts; that when we have done our best, we may pray with the dying soldier

"That our last breath be a bugle call,
Carrying peace o'er the valleys and cold hills forever."

Penelope

She sat among her maidens waiting,
Not because of glory that Ulysses had
Nor yet because the land of Ithaca
Was his and all its flocks.
But in her heart she said,
"He is the father of my son —
And once he said my hands
Were white as goats' milk."
And so she waited.

MARIE YANARELLA '39.

* *ibid*, p. 918.

Written in Water

DOROTHY WALSH '39

"OH, darling, it's so beautiful here out on the lake in the canoe . . ."

"I could call it idyllic, but I do like to have you know what I'm talking about," and Jonathan smiled.

She ignored the interruption, "I'm so glad that you were able to close the deal and buy this place. Over there is our little white house with the green roof that we always dreamed about . . . Jonny, do all people in love always dream of some sweet little house somewhere with splashy zinnias, and delicate larkspur and cosmos complete with croquet hoops?"

"Well, as for being in love, I'm a bit of a novice myself. It has not been a pastime of my youth to fall in and out of love, and — anyhow — now that I'm in, I'm in love to stay."

"Do you know . . . I actually suspect you of having almost normal intelligence to know when you are well off? Well, anyhow, hon, I wonder how many wives are as lucky as I am to have such a smart husband that can get her everything she wants . . ."

He almost snorted. "Luck? What has luck to do with it? It was my own superior mental capacities that landed us on the green. Psychology experts have worked with 30,000 test cases and have proved without a doubt that there is a quality peculiar to the male of the species that enables . . ."

"Now, Jonny, why, to hear you talk one would almost be tempted to think that you were conceited. Now, of course, I don't want you to go so far as to get an inferiority complex, but then again . . ."

"Well, ahem. How you do side track me . . . We were talking about the house. Oh, well, it's just a little thing that I picked

up and thought you'd like . . . Just for curiosity's sake, why exactly did you marry me? Was it a case of Hobson's choice? Or did you flip a coin? Was I the most eligible one or the only one? Or was it the only way to get peace? Did you like the colors of my ties? Was it to make the girl three doors up the street feel jealous? Tell Jonathan . . ."

"As if you don't already know. It was your name that I noticed first, because I had had a horse called Jonathan. I met you right after he died and I had to have something to fill the gap; you see, I was already so accustomed to call 'Jonathan,' that I didn't have to get used to something else."

"Just call me Convenience . . ."

". . . And then, I was tired of all the best people, of the scions that came from the first families. They were intelligent. They never went out for hamburgers and coffee. Why, one really never knows what one is eating when it's all chopped up like that! These were men who came from a long line of blue blood and pink gums. They were he-men, not he-he men."

"Now, don't be bitter, dear. The butcher won't accept your credit, children won't like you, and dogs will bark at you. But if the only reason for your marrying me was that my name reminded you of a flea-bitten nag . . ."

"He was not!"

". . . I won't detain you any longer. I'll let you go. It won't be hard for me to get over it. I possess a remarkable regenerative capacity."

"Um-m-m, that puts you in a class with starfish . . ."

". . . I was just thinking of you. You'd have a hard job ever finding a man like me."

"Whatever makes you think that I'd ever want another man like you? 'Once bitten, twice shy,' you know." Then, "Jonathan . . ."

"Yes, sweet?"

"May I dip my hand in the water?"

"Twice, dear."

"You know, I always did like blue and gold." She looked at him. "I guess that is why I married you — for your hair and eyes . . ."

"Flow gently, sweet Afton. My feelings are practically annihilated."

The words had as much effect as smoke going through a screen. She went on. "Look at those gorgeous daffodils on the ridge with that sky behind them. More blue and gold. Guess I should have been a Navy girl. Listen to them. They're saying 'That's one man who hasn't a twin.' "

He contradicted, "That's not what they're saying. They're congratulating me on my good taste and better fortune on getting what I wanted — an only child from her adoring father. Quite a manly feat, and there are not many men who have that to their credit."

"Mother, mother, mother, pin a rose on me!"

". . . and I bet those daffodils are thinking that the new English governess will be wonderful for the children. You know, you were so busy with the new house and garden and everything that . . ."

She energetically arranged the canoe pillows, protesting, "Oh, but Jonny, I'm not going to let her take care of them alone. You know I would be lost without seeing them, playing with them, fussing and working for them and scolding them, and loving them. We'll give up the house and move to a one-room apartment, so I'll have more time for them; then . . ."

"Now, sweet, don't get all worked up over it. Spend all the time you want with them. I'm not saying you shouldn't. I want you to . . . you understand, don't you?"

She relented. "Yes, of course, I should have known better. Oh, now, Jonny, look out! You'll tip the canoe . . ."

"Look at Tatters on the bank. He must think that you need protection. Yes, you're a very wonderful setter, but you must stay right where you are . . ."

"Funny thing . . . the way dogs and canoes don't mix . . . You know, I bet it will be glorious out tonight. Think of all those stars, mirrored in the water. We won't even have to crane and twist our necks to see them in the sky . . . They'll come down to us. The banks will make black shadows to relieve the silver water."

"Like scattered sequins on black velvet . . ."

"Well, considering that that is coming from a man . . ."

". . . And in the dark shadows, we'll see shiny little fish wriggling their shiny little tails, in shiny sea weed . . . and shiny castles will appear for the shiny fish . . ."

"Do you suppose there'll be beer gardens, or don't fish drink beer . . . or am I being irrelevant?"

"If you must know, you are being irrelevant . . . and anyhow, we're making this up, and I guess we can put in beer gardens for the fish, but I must admit that my aesthetic soul suffers from the addition . . ."

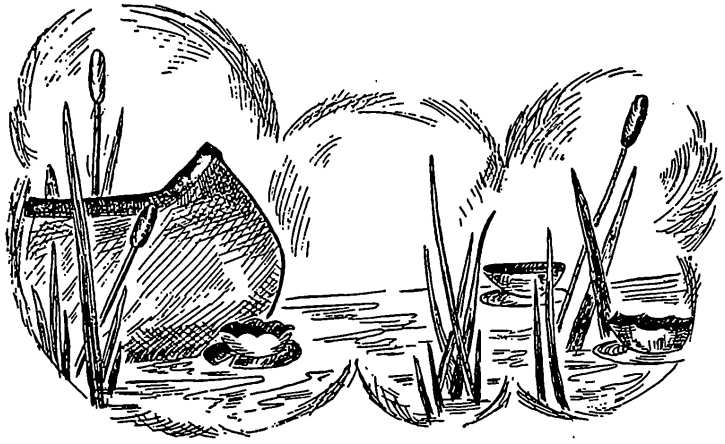
"Oh, all right, Jonny. My imagination is every bit as good as yours, so here goes . . . And the more we gaze at this sealand, the more fish we'll see . . . and then the sand won't even be sand; each grain will become a silvered scale dropped from a passing silvered fish . . ."

"And then, we'll see fishes slide down silvered moonbeams, dive into the water, and leave only a silver bubble, bouncing on the surface . . ."

"And then, silvered stars will meet silvered fish in a soft opalescent glow and swirl madly around each other . . ."

"In a sort of senseless game of Blind Man's Buff . . . blind, because stars have no eyes, and . . ."

They had been talking faster and faster, more excitedly, their voices rising, thrilling with intensity. Then a knife severed the silver cord. The bowl was broken.



"Semmy! Semmy! Why for are you not yet at home? It's dark, and kidneppers are kidnepping. Find your sister."

"That's Mrs. Rosencrantz again. Every single night, in the same way, at the same time. You'd think that just once she'd slip up, and . . ."

"Tell me, sweet," Jonny was almost rough, "would you love me just as much if we didn't live in a darling little green and white house, if there were no Tatters, no canoe, no children, no tulips or asters, no lake . . . no nothing? Suppose we lived in a nasty, crowded cheap boarding house with grimy urchins playing around in the street, dogs barking, and people haggling and yelling. Suppose we could hardly meet our rent."

Looking upwards, clear grey eyes met clouded blue ones.

"Don't say it like that, Jonny. You need me so much more here than if we lived in that other house. I love doing things for you . . . and I like to think that you need me." She spoke haltingly. It wasn't like her to be so serious.

"Well, the moon's gone behind the smoky chimney already."

"And it's getting damp."

"So we'd better leave the roof . . ."

"Yes, we'll go down now . . ."

She sighed a little, as she took his hand.

Metaphor

A joyous thought
Is the sweet, high
Treble of remembered
Musing.

A harmful thought
Is the jagged melody
Of broken
Chords.

A spiteful thought
Is the jarring blare
Of malicious
Discord.

SHIRLEY FITZGERALD '40.

"St. Francis" of the Ballet Russe

DOROTHY ZWIER '41

LEONIDE MASSINE has given the world in "St. Francis" a ballet of unique originality which should not, and truly cannot be judged by the conventional ballet standards.

Produced for the first time at the Drury Lane Theatre in London in April, 1938, it received decidedly divided comments; but whatever may be thought or felt about this novel ballet it must be conceded as one of the greatest and most powerful dances of our time.

Massine, its choreographer and premier dancer, has deeply steeped himself in the spirit of Italian medievalism, has used "The Little Flowers of St. Francis" as the source of his inspiration, and with all the strength and beauty and force of his genius has reached the epitome of subtle emotional understanding as expressed in the formality of ballet.

The severe settings of Paul Tchelitcheff, the haunting music, the symbolic movements, and the costumes of vibrant color intensity make "St. Francis" strikingly different. The scenes capture the very essence of the opulence and turmoil of worldly life, with the contrast of stark naiveté and humility of religious inspiration. With this grasp the dance pursues the life of St. Francis from the frivolity and mad joy of youth to the sweet spiritual power of his conversion. The transfer of mental struggles and influences into a positive physical expression necessitates the somewhat modernistic symbolism of movement — remote and slightly fantastic.

All is contrasting bold color and brightness in the first scene laid in Francis Bernardone's house in Assisi. Life is all pleasure; even the young man's meagre interest in his father's business is tinged with it as he meets wealthy buyers from foreign lands who

fire his love of the exotic. So garbed in doublet and hose of flaming red, Massine interprets in the dance all the gaiety, youthful pride, the arrogance and thoughtlessness which cause Francis to repulse the poorest of the beggars in the hall. However, the rebuff momentarily fills him with remorse; he is moved to a love of poverty and desire to share his riches. This is not the moment for his true conversion, though, and he is next deeply impressed by the brilliant and adventurous figure of a knight who pauses at the Bernardone house to replenish his wardrobe. In his fertile imagination Francis pictures himself in the power and glory of war, girding on his weapons. He cannot endure the privations; and as he becomes more desperate, the tone and force of the music deepen. When the soldiers curiously costumed in silver and dappled-gray suits of armor — looking like men in camouflage — leave Massine prostrate on the stage there appear three allegorical women — Chastity, Poverty, and Obedience. They fortell his life of chastity, piety, obedience, and self-sacrifice. Nini Theilade as Poverty is delicate; and despite her thin tattered garments presents a beauty unsurpassed. Her dancing is as polished and as rich as the spirit beneath her earthly drabness.

The actual revelation that his life is to be devoted to poverty especially, occurs in the ensuing scene when Francis is among his gay friends at a splendid feast. The interior of a banquet hall is staged — the huge table glowing with candlelight and sagging under the burden of food and silver plates, the pages dressed in unrelieved black velvet as they carry giant white wine jugs, the men and women a kaleidoscopic array of color as they claim Francis the king of their revels. In the midst of the hilarity as they press him to love, the vision of Poverty returns to the young man and, seeing her grace and gentleness, he offers all the food and wine, even the tablecloth, to the beggars who have gathered in the hall. His action angers his father who considers it simply a

squandering of his wealth; but Francis has made his irrevocable decision, and casting his rich red coat at his father's feet, he leaves with the beggars to start his journey toward solitude.

In the fourth scene, placed high on a mountain, Massine in his solo dance of meditation achieves the greatest interpretation of his career. Enveloped in the soft mist of smoky green and blue lights, he dances his mystical communion with God, his whole being is enlightened, he understands his work on earth, and is suffused with a celestial joy which is radiated in the flood of beautifully modulated music.

It is imperative to mention here that this music especially composed by Paul Hindesmith, is of a rare richness and, though rather startling in parts, is so finely interwoven, so completely the perfect complement of the choreography, as to make one feel that either would be meaningless and impossible alone.

Massine has included the famous story of St. Francis miraculously taming the ferocious wolf which had been ravaging the countryside. Among the frightened peasantry who are seeking safety by fleeing, are three of St. Francis's friends, who, like him, have cast their lot with the poor. After the man-eating beast has carried off two young girls, St. Francis approaches with a faith and kindness that completely subdue the wolf. In gratitude, the three friends prepare a couch for the holy man, which he refuses, choosing to lie on the ground. While he sleeps under the watch of the three, Poverty appears and is denied a welcome, so solicitous are they in his regard. But St. Francis awakens and after embracing his friends dances with Poverty. Their mystical union is symbolized by an exchange of rings whereupon all partake of a frugal wedding feast of dry bread and water.

Immersed in limitless joy St. Francis sings a hymn of praise to the sun (representing the glory of a new life) in which he is joined by a group of minor brothers and sisters. Brown-robed

and white-gowned, these latter offer a stately tone of harmony in a crescendo of golden glory — while up on the summit of the mountain, St. Francis humbly holds Poverty's hand, their two grey figures in tattered outline against the new dawn of the sky.

Comparison

A hurricane may sweep away
My life, my petty works and loves.
A thunderbolt has more power than I
And a star is brighter.

But these great forces seem small as a worm
That crawls innocuously underfoot
When I think of the Overwhelming Love
Invested in me.

GRACE LUND '41.

And One Shall Be Taken

GRACE LUND '41

CHARACTERS

His Mother
His Father
His Sweetheart
The boy

Scene is the living room of a present-day European family of moderate circumstances. There should be a large stove, center, placed between two windows. A heavy door, with old-fashioned bolt is at one side. There should also be a couch and a table with a chair beside it.

TIME — *The present. Evening.*

As the curtain rises, his father is seated on the couch, with his head in his hands. A crutch lies at his feet and he holds one of his legs stiffly. His mother is at one window, peering out.

HIS FATHER:

Do you see them? Do you hear them?
It grows dark so early now —
Perhaps they will wait for nightfall?
Some new fighting trick, no doubt.

HIS MOTHER:

No, the street is still deserted.
Not even a cat in sight.
The whole world seems to be waiting.

HIS FATHER:

Waiting? Why should they be waiting?
Don't they know what lies ahead?
They should come and look at me, now!
A left-over from the last time!

HIS MOTHER:

There, you must be understanding.
How could hearts so young remember?
They think they will die in glory,
Save the world and build a new one.
Don't be bitter.

HIS FATHER:

Do you blame me?
Our own son believes as I did.
Oh, what fools the young and brave are . . .
Why the waiting? What can keep them?

HIS MOTHER:

Do not hope it will be too soon
Perhaps some good chance will change things.
If the good God hears our prayers . . .

HIS FATHER:

The good God, our only hope.
(*There is knocking at the door*)
Who can that be, at this hour?
Perhaps they have come to draft me, also.

(*His mother crosses to the door, lifts the heavy bolt and his sweetheart enters*).

HIS SWEETHEART:

Have you word now? Have they passed yet?

HIS FATHER:

Come sit down here.

HIS MOTHER:

Have you eaten?

HIS SWEETHEART:

Food and comfort, what are they now?
Death and famine seem much closer.

HIS FATHER:

You remember? You are young yet,
Death and famine are but words . . .

HIS MOTHER:

Women understand the great truths
Do not scorn that she is young yet.
When it comes, she too will suffer.

HIS SWEETHEART:

Not if the conference goes well!

HIS FATHER:

Then there would be wild rejoicing!
Such a shouting in this house!
One man saved, though one was taken.
(*He indicates himself*)
We must pray! Pray now as never.

HIS MOTHER:

At times like this all men need churches.
Parting is not hard with a prayer
Under a rose window, and a blessing . . .

HIS SWEETHEART:

Little use to ask th' impossible.
What is destroyed is gone forever.

HIS MOTHER:

Some day we will have new churches
Better, finer than the old.

HIS SWEETHEART:

These men think by fighting — fighting
They can change the world again.

HIS MOTHER:

What is this conference they speak of?
Is there a magic word they say
To bring back peace and understanding?
Change the war-lords into doves?
No religion or toleration,
People are denied the vote,
Still they take our sons full-willing
Can a few words change all that?

HIS SWEETHEART:

Men have gathered in a council
Who have come from very far
Trying to pacify the blood-hung'ring
To do what is right, without a war.

HIS FATHER:

War! Oh, God, once in a lifetime
Is enough for any man.
Save my son — and bless the conference
If it saves a single life,
Dries a tear or keeps a family.

HIS MOTHER:

Yes, we must pray and trust our Father
He does what is best for all.

HIS SWEETHEART:

How can men be in a conference
When each speaks a different language?
Can they understand each other?

HIS FATHER:

There are interpreters, my dear one
They translate the words of others.

HIS SWEETHEART:

Still to me, it seems unlikely
Anyone could understand.

HIS MOTHER:

I see nothing still but twilight
Not a sign of life outside.

(*Suddenly there is a banging at the door. The trio is frozen with fear — no one moves — they hardly breathe. At last his Father painfully rises and, supporting himself on his crutch, hobbles to the door. He slowly pulls back the bolt and peers out*).

HIS FATHER:

My son! My son! They do not need you?

(*The boy enters. He wears a khaki uniform. He stands by the stove and moodily surveys the gathering*).

HIS MOTHER:

Our boy? There is no fighting after all?

HIS SWEETHEART:

You have come home to us so soon!

THE BOY:

Home again like an old woman!
What chance is there to be brave?
They have talked long in the council
And decided not to fight.
Cowards! Dirty yellow cowards!
Our country has lost its honor!

HIS MOTHER:

There will be no war, you say, son?

HIS SWEETHEART:

No war! Repeat, repeat it!

THE BOY:

No war. No chance to win glory.
None to fight, to save the world.
Life will go on as before now —
Capitalists and greed and hunger.

HIS FATHER:

No war! God has heard our prayers. Now
Let us give thanks. No war! Thank God.

(*He clumsily manipulates his body to a kneeling position by the couch*).

HIS SWEETHEART:

God is good. Oh, peace be with us!

HIS MOTHER:

God is good. Thank God.

THE BOY:

God is good, they say, the weaklings!
Brave men fight while weak men pray.
Families are no consolation.

(*He strides toward the door, but his foot gets caught in his Father's crutch. He disengages it impatiently, then replaces the crutch thoughtfully. He looks at the gathering, oblivious in prayer*).

HIS MOTHER:

Praised be God and peace be with us.

(*The boy seems to understand, suddenly. His scowl vanishes. Cautiously he draws the blinds and bolts the door. Then he kneels beside his Sweetheart*).

THE BOY:

Peace be with us.

Not Only The Stars Shine

MARGUERITE KOHL '40

CLARK RAINNY chewed the wrong end of a paint brush meditatively. Slumped in a low chair, one foot swung idly while his troubled eyes gazed with a mixture of disgust and hope at the half-finished painting in the corner. It was good; he was sure it was good, for he always got a certain clarity of line which was real and imaginative at the same time. Somehow though, Clark could never finish a painting; and sitting, looking at this one he realized that his work on it was through and that tomorrow it could be relegated to the stack of five hundred odd others, all in the same relative state of incompletion, which were in the adjoining room.

Suddenly there was the sound of feet ascending the stairs to the attic and Clark began to wish he had locked the door as he was in no mood to talk to anyone. The feet never crossed the threshold and though he didn't turn his head Clark could feel that eyes were sweeping over him and the room; and somehow he knew that everything seen was being catalogued very nicely.

Still looking at the painting in the corner Clark said, "Won't you come in now that you have inspected us? I can assure you that the unfinished dog in that picture doesn't have a bark, let alone a bite."

"Do you?"

"Do I what?" Glancing at the door Clark immediately jumped to his feet, for he was looking at one of the most beautiful girls he had ever seen. Tall and slender she leaned against the wall with one hand thrust casually in her pocket. Shining blond hair was waved up from her face, and you could not look at her without being instantly aware of her eyes, which were large and

almost looked black though Clark was sure they were blue. They had stood in silence while surveying each other, and while it had been for only a minute it seemed much longer to both of them.

"I beg your pardon," said Clark, "but will you please come in? I'm not usually so rude but you rather startled me."

"In that case I beg your pardon, for I don't go around making a habit of startling people, and I will come in because I came up for that very reason. Terry and Margot said you'd be up here, and as they had an appointment with a contractor or something I said I'd find my way up and introduce myself. I'm Joan Lowell, Terry's sister, and you're Clark Rainny, Margot's brother. Right?"

"Well, I think you're right. I've usually been pretty sure as to who I am, and it's very obvious that you're a relation of Terry's, for you look a lot like him."

Flashing him a smile which was the feminine of Terry's captivating grin, she said, "After that I guess I'll have to like you; you see Terry's my one and only brother and ever since I was a baby I've wanted to look and act like him. He's really rather wonderful, don't you think."

Suddenly Clark could think of nothing nicer than having her think him "rather wonderful" also, and just as suddenly he knew that there was nothing rather wonderful about him at all. He had gone through college with his usual indolence, handing in papers of outstanding brilliance the few times he had ever bothered, and contenting himself with mediocre work the rest of the time. Students and professors had never been able to understand him when he would quietly utter remarks in class which were really explosive in content, and then never exert himself enough to defend them; though everyone had the vague, uncomfortable feeling that he could if he would only deign to try. Clark attacked life in the same manner he had attacked college and New Fairfield had finally despaired of ever figuring him out.

Joan wandered over to the easel and stood looking at the painting with half-closed eyes. Though he couldn't account for it Clark felt everything within him hoping that she would like the painting and mentally berated himself for not having finished it. His fingers ached for the feel of the brush; he wanted more anger in the dog's eyes, more strength in his legs.

"You were wrong," Joan said quietly, "Very wrong."

The ache left his fingers, and reappeared somewhere deep within his chest. "What do you care," he told himself. "What difference does it make if Terry Lowell's sister tells you you're wrong. She'll soon be Margot's sister-in-law. She's nothing to you."

"Yes, you were wrong," she continued. "You said he didn't have a bark, but he does. Why, he's so real he even looks as if he might have a bite. It's good, Clark. I think it's extremely good. I happen to know quite a bit about painting because I'm an interior decorator, and in order to select paintings for clients you really have to know what you're doing. How long have you been working on it?"

"Since lunch time," he said simply. Simply, because he couldn't understand what was happening to him. At a word from this girl his emotions could cover the scale from A to Z.

"Good heavens but you work fast! At that rate you should finish it in another hour or two because it's only five-thirty now. May I see some more of them? I'm really most anxious to see the completed ones."

Completed ones! Clark knew that he didn't have any such thing. "I don't have any here," he finally said.

"But Margot said you always worked here. Where on earth do you keep them? Do you mean to tell me that this is the only painting you have here?"

"Er — a — no. There are some others in the store room there, but they aren't finished either."

"Oh, well, I'd like to see those too, please. But you haven't told where the finished ones are."

Clark felt the way he had when as a little boy just learning to swim, he had gone off the twelve foot diving board on a dare. He was positive bringing Joan into the store room was going to be just as disastrous as that dive had been, but there was no getting out of it at this point. Opening the door, he turned on the light and motioned her in, but did not follow.

Back in the chair once more Clark lounged with outward ease while Joan was looking at the canvases. Every few seconds he could hear the dull sound of the paintings being moved and every sound caused a deep and sharp scrape across his conscience. He could almost see each one as it was brought to the light for the first time since he had given up, and put it there. This one would be the still life; that one was James, the butler, trying to arrange flowers; this next must be the one that showed the smoke curling through the valley in such a way that you knew the train had just slipped around the bend.

Joan walked into the room slowly, her face white and her eyes looking blacker than ever. The quiet was heavy, painful. She continued walking until she was directly before him and only then did she speak.

"Did you ever finish anything?"

"No."

Her voice was low, and almost dull but each word seemed to strike him with the force of a ten-pound weight as she continued. "I don't know when I've ever been so disgusted with anything or anybody before in my life. Who do you think you are? God gave you a gift, and you have absolutely no right to misuse it the way you do. Almost any one of those paintings

could be classed as a masterpiece if it were finished. You get the most vibrant people I have ever seen; they almost move. What makes you think you can do as you please? Each one of those unfinished canvases is a separate crime, and I hope you have to pay for it. You may have the hands of a great painter, but your soul is probably as arrogant as your face. I — I think you're — I think you're awful!"

Clark hadn't time to open his mouth before her voice had resumed its sweet, vital quality, and she said with a polite little glance at her watch, "I'll have to go dress for Margot's engagement party," and was gone.

In a little less than two hours Clark, impeccable in his evening clothes, descended the stairs and stood, unnoticed, outside the living room door for a minute. His grandmother was announcing Margot's engagement to Terry at a large buffet supper this evening but first there was to be a very small family dinner. He could see his grandmother proudly holding court on the far side of the room, a few aunts and uncles settled in curious little groups, and finally Margot and Terry, one seeming to try to outglow the other in their happiness. But there! There was the person he had been looking for. Her hair shone just a little more than he had thought, her eyes were just a little darker, and her skin just a little more translucent. The lights and the ice-blue of her dress did this, he decided. Just then Margot saw him and came out to meet him.

"Clark, whatever are you doing there in the doorway? Come on in. Terry and I were just talking to his sister Joan, and she said that she hadn't gone up to see you as she intended this afternoon, so I want to introduce you to her right away. You and Joan should get along quite well because Terry tells me that all her life she has wanted to paint. It seems that she is all mania but no talent."

While she was talking they had been walking toward Joan and Terry. He listened in silence while Margot made the customary introduction and felt a slim cool hand slip into his briefly as Joan said, "How do you do." She immediately turned and continued her interrupted conversation with his Aunt Lucy.

Clark had let nothing hurt him so since that day long ago, when his mother had slapped him for something he hadn't done.

She was placed next to him at dinner, but that was of no help for when he would ask her a question, her answer would be directed to the table in general, and when she was making a remark of her own she deliberately did it in such a way as to exclude him.

Dinner was rather lengthy, and immediately after guests began to arrive in groups of five and six. New Fairfield's best orchestra, isolated by palms, was playing for dancing, but every time Clark would ask Joan to dance she was "Sorry, but I've already promised the next one. Yes, and the one after that. And the next, and the next." And the one after that was too far away to talk about. Since Grandmother Rainny thought the modern system of cutting in was barbarous, that was not allowed, so he could look for no hope from that angle. She danced with everyone else, but most often with red-headed Alex Lacey for whom Clark cultivated a sudden and strong dislike.

The Rainnys were of proud origin, and though Joan had privately stripped him of his pride he had no intention of allowing her to publicly insult him. He thought of all this, but decided to make one more attempt and wove his way through the dancers till he came to the side of the room where Terry was dancing with Joan.

Touching his shoulder he said, "Pardon me, Terry, but Margot asked me to find you for her. She needs you in the library. I'll be very glad to finish this dance with your sister for you."

He might just as well have been dancing with a slender pillar of ice, and looking down at her set, averted face, Clark traced its outline with his eyes, and thought, "I told Margot she was crazy when she and Terry babbled on about falling in love with people the very first time you meet them, but I'll be darned if I haven't gone and done the same thing myself."

As the music stopped Clark saw Alex Lacey coming toward them. Being Clark he couldn't resist the temptation to lean down and whisper in her ear, "I can't say that I admire your taste in hair. They tell me that people with red hair don't have any soul at all, not even arrogant ones. Some day though, after I've acquired the virtue of perseverance in painting, I'll try to find some time to help elevate your taste in hair to the higher planes. You know, dark hair like Margot's and mine."

She didn't even look at him, so, determined that he should show her that this was Clark Rainny she was treating so coldly, he continued. "If Alex should ever so mildly suggest that he is rapidly becoming fond of you please don't encourage him, but tell him quite frankly that your heart is no longer your own, that you and I exchanged hearts sometime around five-thirty this evening when you *didn't* come up to see me, remember?"

As Joan turned from him to Alex, Clark bowed low in the formal dancing school way and said, "I do thank you for this charming dance, Miss Lowell," and then much lower, but very distinctly, "I love you!"

Clark didn't have a chance to talk to Joan any more that night, but somehow he was not surprised when Margot told him at breakfast that she had left on the seven o'clock train for New York, and was not planning to return to New Fairfield until the wedding should take place in three months.

People have claimed that it is impossible for a man to change

over night, but Clark was an outstanding denial of that confirmation, for he *had* changed over night.

The day after the announcement of Margot's engagement he began the terrific task of finishing each of the five hundred and thirty-two paintings in his store room, though he had never once spent more than sixty consecutive minutes doing anything other than this and sleeping.

All his meals, except Sunday dinner which his grandmother insisted he attend, were served in the attic studio, and after the first week he even had his bed moved in there, so that when he awoke at night, he could work until he was once more exhausted. Special floodlights had been installed in order to produce the equivalent of early afternoon sunlight at midnight.

As each painting was finished he would attach a card giving the date of completion and then place the picture on the wall directly under another one. Gradually the wall space on one side would be solidly covered from floor to ceiling, and he would then start on the next wall.

One month, two months, two and a half months had passed, and Clark was still working like a maniac. Margot, drawn into an ever enlarged whirlpool of preparation, still had time to worry about him, but she could not understand the expression on his face when she casually told him that Joan Lowell, coming one week earlier than they had planned, would be there late that night.

Clark's clock told him that it was almost twelve o'clock; his walls told him that he had finished the five hundred and thirty-second painting; his eyes told him that with twenty minutes hard work he might complete the very special canvas that had been occupying him for the past two days. Every few minutes his left hand would run through his hair with a restless and tired gesture till it was standing on end. His hands were paint smeared, his face haggard for want of rest, and his weary mind kept repeating,

"Joan Lowell will be in this house tonight; Joan is coming back; Joan will be here in just a little while."

The floodlights made his eyes pain, there was a throb in his head, his fingers and arms ached, but what did he care; Joan was coming. Suddenly his body could no longer obey his mind and he knew if he didn't sit down he would fall down.

Slumped in the chair he glared at the easel and thought idly that it would be wonderful to sleep one solid day without suffering that awful urge which would wake him up in the middle of the night and send him, like a man with a disease, to his brushes and paints.

There was the sound of feet mounting the steps and Clark prayed that it might be Margot so that he could ask about Joan. Glancing up Clark was on his feet in an instant and looking at the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.

"Margot asked me," her lips began, but her eyes were telling him how terrible he looked, and he found himself longing for a bath, a comb, and some turpentine to clean his hands.

Her eyes fell on the covered walls and she slowly began to walk around them. Clark sat down in the chair once more while she looked at each picture, standing on tip-toe to read the card on the highest, and kneeling to see the lowest. Around all four walls she went and only then did she see the painting on the easel. It was the portrait of a girl, a girl with shining blond hair swept up from her face, and blue eyes that looked almost black in sparkling anger.

Joan walked back toward Clark's chair, her face white, and her eyes tear-drenched. She continued walking until she was directly before him, and only then did she speak.

"Did you leave anything unfinished?"

"No."

"You're wrong again. Very wrong."

The bottom fell out of his world, but Clark could no longer feel anything. If he was still wrong ——.

Pulling him gently by the hand she said, "It's this portrait over here. If you come with me I'll show you. There's something missing on the fourth finger of that left hand. Personally I think a wedding or even an engagement ring would do the trick. And those eyes. They look very angry. I do think if you study the original you'll find there is something very different in them now."

Rapidly Clark picked up two brushes, and with a few quick strokes, had a diamond ring glittering on the finger and stars of love shining in the eyes.

Bowing low in the formal dancing school way, he said, "I do thank you for that lovely criticism, Miss Lowell," and then much lower, but very distinctly, "I love you."

Out of Bitterness

Ah, the brave new voices that, since time began,
Have filled the world with strange discordant
Harmony! What was Euripides
But one of these, and Shelley prisoned in
His fine-spun web of freedom? Iconoclasts
Of one kind or another striking at
The idol Ignorance. And if one calls
It Zeus and one says Tyranny —
What matters it? They are alike in this:
That out of bitterness they shape a song,
A beauty out of sordidness.

MARIE YANARELLA '39.

The Family Piano

MARGARET O'CONNELL '39

NOSTALGIC laments are still heard from time to time for the "good old days"; "good old days" being synonymous with the horse and buggy age, the era when ladies wore bustles, and mustache cups were necessities, not curiosities. These were the times when the charming young lady next door spent hours laboriously learning to play Rubinstein's *Melody in F* or *The Beautiful Blue Danube* on the piano. When company came of an afternoon or evening, they were entertained with these selections rendered by the charming young lady.

Those were the times when the piano was as integral a part of any household as the front door or the horsehair sofa; and each child, albeit under duress, had his quota of music lessons. The most common types were the upright and square models, the latter of which has become almost extinct today.

But what has happened to the pianos? If you look about for one in the modern home, you may find one and you may not. The piano is no longer the inevitable when it comes to furnishing the home. Recently, following in the footsteps of their brothers in industry, the piano manufacturers conducted a survey, and discovered that even in the high income group of American families, about one-third of these have no piano, while, as the income decreases, the proportion of non-piano-owners mounts to almost two-thirds. Where pianos are to be found, the age of the instrument averages eighteen years although a fair percentage are from thirty to fifty years old. Some are authentically antique.

It would seem that the upright is without rights and subject to the indifference or even hostility of the public. It might be considered a symbol of the times. Scientific development gave us

the radio, and it has threatened to usurp the place of the piano as the center of musical interest in the home. All around is the evidence of a high degree of specialization; for people ceased to provide their own amusement, of a more or less mediocre technical calibre, when the radio was able to give them the finest of any entertainment which they might prefer, ranging from swing to symphony, ventriloquism to virtuosity on any instrument.

American life is highly condensed. One room does triple duty as dining-room, bedroom, and parlor. Beds are transformed to do duty as sofas. Evening wraps are convertible to bathrobes. One would hardly picture the piano, always impressively massive, reduced on a corresponding scale. However, within the last five years, this has practically been effected with happy results. The new spinet models are compact and they fit into more or less cramped quarters without forcing the occupants to vacate. In addition, they produce a quality of tone which, while not so fine as that of a grand, is far superior to that of the old upright models — now definitely obsolete. Moreover, these instruments are economically priced. Once again those who deal in pianos have found the market brisk and the sales increasing. Schools of music show a marked increase in registration. There is a definite revival slated for the piano.

The fate of abandoned pianos is unpredictable and not a little heartbreaking. Many were sold for junk and their parts dismantled; those that boasted casings of any value or beauty have been remodeled to make tables, chairs and cabinets. Some have been relegated to attics and cellars to serve as catch-alls for old clothes and fruit jars; others have met their ignominous end as kindling wood.

The increase in the popularity of the piano since the advent of the new miniature size should offer an incentive to a fertile mind to invent a vest-pocket model. This might supplant the

candid camera fad in the heart of the great American public — and lead it gently toward a more soothing epoch, with ladies again in bustles and a harpsichord in every pocket!

Late Autumn

The leaves lie burning in the smokeless
Fire of the sun; silently
Their ashes settle into dust;
The wind, whistling a shrill
And melancholy air in the tall
Brown grass is cider-sweet
With scent of fallen apples.
While the far hills dream
Through russet days.

MARIE YANARELLA '39.

The Quarterly

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Editorial

BECAUSE of the autumnal cleavage in our intellectual life; and because we found ourselves so doggoned often eating up the kilometers between libraries — puffing heavily over the wooden slats not so long ago, we decided to think about what the library, as such, has meant to us.

In sound-proof parentheses, because we feel it's expected of us, we interpolate "not much." But consider, ye helots of the accepted collegiate quip, and understand that, for us, the library has been an Emancipation Proclamation, our bloodless revolution, our Rights of Man. When the sweet duarchy that was parenthood and which, up to then, had admitted no rights nor brooked any sedition from their five-year old colony of one — finally acknowledged that being's right to associate and carry books, under the militant hegemony of the town library — it was as fundamental as democracy. Then began the easy evolution from the confines of the domestic bookcase; from Brownie Bunny and Teddy Bear through Doctor Doolittle and Clematis; Ruth Fielding, Sherlock Holmes, Knighthood in Flower — all the gorgeous things that the unfettered child's mind just naturally can't resist.

Well, the felicity has lasted and we're still living happily off the library. We enjoy it, undeniably we do. But somewhere, somehow, something has happened. The mere reading of a book no longer produces complete quiessence, as of old.

Perhaps it was that someone taught us the gentle twin arts of skimming and scanning; we learned to take notes, and whatever's on paper is out of mind; we discovered how to digest a digest; we have even been reduced in dire cases to mere comprehension of author and scope with a view to answering a question on bibliography; and books have lost something. A strong book that can survive student aids to study! We realize with terror that

our memory is less positive than what seems a well-developed faculty for forgetting; and, in our acquisition of knowledge, we are forced to deal in general impressions buttressed by the facts always on tap — at the library!

But this is not meant to be a diatribe against modern education, although that too is coming in for its share of the disillusionment, the questioning, the searching of the thirties. All this is by way of a preface to a short and earnest plea for more undergraduate writing. The foregoing is merely intended to suggest that whether the process be efficient or superficial, the mere intake of knowledge leaves something to be desired because it neglects the latent creative power in every human soul, even the most feeble exercise of which ennobles the doer.

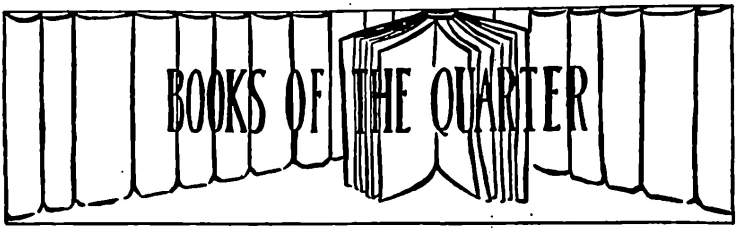
Student literary productions are not always good. They are sometimes worthless; but it is possible that the demand for success has at times figured too largely. It has been the necessary condition of effort and has thus had a stultifying effect. The old maxims to the contrary, anything that is worth doing at all by anybody is worth doing — however badly — by you.

You have therefore an obligation in conscience to at least make a stab at writing. If you are a genius — can afford to be lavish with words and ideas because they tumble all over within you in an effort to spill themselves, then you owe it to everyone else to share of your wealth. If you are a plodder — if you can only produce as time drags you nearer a deadline — if every word written is as a tooth pulled — and three in good succession causes nervous indigestion — if grinding out words makes of your head a suction pump that beats dangerously as it drains you dry and leaves you limp and gives you nothing — if you've known the sensation of taut eyelids that won't close over peeled eyeballs — if you've ever fallen asleep exhausted and read words, ill-assorted, big, and meaningless combinations of gibberish to a non-

existent audience — then you are rich in experience, and you owe the obligation to yourself to give your vision to the world — or at least to us.

Up and at it, fellow collegiennes! This is frankly and admittedly a campaign for more and better contributions to the *Quarterly* by everyone. Our sense of economy revolts at the talent within the temporary confines of this campus, which, like the city on the hill, in justice may not be hidden. Ergo, this impassioned plea. The results? The floor is yours and please — take it away!

C. A.



SAINT CATHERINE OF SIENNA, *By* JOHANNES JORGENSEN. LONGMANS GREEN & CO., NEW YORK, LONDON. 1938.

That St. Catherine of Sienna led the exiled Popes back from Avignon to Rome is well known by the average layman. Yet he knows so little else about this great mystic that it would behoove him to study this scholarly account of her life. For Mr. Jorgensen has intensified the research on two primary sources: the Saint's own writings and the biographies of her life by her disciples. The result is a complete account of the Saint and her times.

The life of St. Catherine of Siena would naturally be a fascinating study because its pattern has been no where duplicated. From her first vision at the age of six when Christ, surrounded by the apostles Peter, Paul, and John, appeared above the Church of the Dominicans to Catherine, to the time of her death when the Saint was tortured by devils in propitiation for the Mystical Body of Christ, the story is a gripping one. No *ordinary* Saint, this, it follows that a faithful account of her life would not be in keeping with the popular trend in biographies. Mr. Jorgensen's technique in weighing down his account with Catherine's multitudinous letters does not make for easy reading; but does fulfill his purpose. For the Saint's letters are expository of her actions. On reading her denunciation of self love, which is constantly recurrent in different forms throughout her letters, the key to her life

is found: Self love is the dark love which leads to sin "for we cannot love or see anything outside God that does not bring us death." Following out the theme of self-immolation, Jorgensen fittingly chapterizes Catherine's life under headings "Imitation of Christ" and "Crown of Thorns." St. Catherine's description of her mystical death, her crown of thorns, the pains which she felt ever after Christ placed them on her forehead, are contained in her beautiful and awesome letters.

Jorgensen records the mystic and the woman in correct proportion. He tells us of her egoism, of her certitude as to the infallibility of her judgments in persuading Gregory XI to come to Rome, in influencing the election of the General of the Dominicans, in influencing kings and queens. Her "I will" prefaced her commands to them.

In his description of St. Catherine's mysticism, of her ecstacies, the author writes most reverently. If he fails at all, blame is not to be placed on his work, but on the modern realistically-minded reader.

KATHRYN MACDONAGH '39.

KING OF THE BEGGARS, *By* SEAN O'FAOLAIN.

THE VIKING PRESS, NEW YORK. 1938.

A novelist, combustibly Irish, brilliant, has turned to biography, with Daniel O'Connell for his subject. This *King of Beggars* was the incarnation of a whole people, the great downtrodden lump of eighteenth and nineteenth century Irish peasantry, whose miserable poverty had made their life just a time of endurance.

They had been single-minded in their loyalty. In their rags and their wretchedness they still looked to the past and the effete Gaelic state and were bewildered that the corrupt tradition of the

old aristocracy which they reverenced had not held Ireland for the Stuarts. Only a spirit of revenge and of black defeat survived the tyranny of English Parliamentary rule; and, but for one man, Ireland had rotted in her squalor.

But O'Connell, by sheer demagoguery, by methods that even his admirers can't always condone, poured his own vigorous self into the rebirth of a people. He alone admitted "poverty and nothingness the true fact from which to begin to build." He was first to find in this lower strata the seed of democratic Ireland; and when he had stripped them of all that they had left — their self deception — when he had pummelled them into a realization of their lowliness, he took them to his heart that he might set them free.

King of Beggars takes the reader carefully through the turbulent career of the great bull-statured Liberator, goes with him into the English courts in as entertaining a passage as legal history affords, and re-creates with all the original gripping fervor the struggle for Emancipation and for Repeal of the Union.

But, most Irish of Irishmen, you see O'Connell himself. A red-faced beefy patriot, a "Tammany politician"; a rascal, an opportunist, a braggart, and "our own darlin' Liberathor." Mr. O'Faoláin has devoted much space to O'Connell's Catholicism. Certain only it was that he was a complicated sort of Catholic; but Mr. O'Faoláin has analyzed all alleged charges of immorality to conclude finally with the wisdom and tolerance of the Irish — "need we judge?"

If you read this book for no other reason, read it as Seán O'Faoláin's book; and read him as a stylist pouring his brilliant, pungent, wittiest best into such a subject as even a novelist could not hope to find except in the amazing traffic of real human experience. To Mr. O'Faoláin's credit, he has captured the man.

CATHERINE ARCHER '39.

THE TEST OF HERITAGE, *By* L. J. GALLAGHER, S.J.

BENZIGER BROTHERS. 1938.

This is a book to make you think while you read, because the author's profound and lucid reasoning has eeked its way through the theme and into every situation, every action, every characterization.

The Test of Heritage employs pointed contrast between the aristocratic figure of Boris Lydov and the peasant Ivan Krassin in order to materialize the development of class hatred and the social chaos in Russia during the latter years of the World War. These young men, as brilliant young seminarians, interrupt their career for soldiering; the former lives and practices his Christian ideals and doctrines, while the latter is caught in a net of socialist propaganda, eventually meeting his end by one of the Bolshevik bullets he had made possible. An enormous amount of authentic and informative background material is evident in the tender portrayal of the spiritual courage of Father Feodor and the thousands like him who were martyred, in the country-wide picture of Bolshevik rule and the exodus from the Crimea and in the concrete depiction of the results of the new doctrine denying the Divinity.

Father Gallagher writes succintly and forcibly in Lydov's words to Krassin near the end of the story: "You are a declared Bolshevik with capitalist ambition, advocating the development of the proletariat and pushing your own individual interests. You promote class war and the destruction of moneyed society, and you are using your official position to save an avowed aristocrat for your own personal satisfaction. That seems to be the great contradiction in your philosophy — pointing everything to the development of human nature, and repudiating the natural law as manifested in the individual."

For many, the long paragraphs and somewhat stilted conversations will prove tedious, but the weight of the author's philosophy and the clarity of his ultimate goal more than counterbalance. This book is indeed a revelation as to the true situation of the revolution and its immediate effects. It would be interesting to have the author carry his tragedy further and show the subsequent fate of the classes whose heritage they made blood and thunder, instead of love for and submission to Christ.

DOROTHY ZWIER '41.

SCOOP, *By* EVELYN WAUGH.

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, BOSTON. 1938.

When a fashionable young novelist, in dire need of leaving the country, enlists the aid of the charming wife of a Cabinet Minister, what is the result? According to Mr. Waugh, it is evidently anything but what you might expect.

At Mrs. Stitch's instigation, John Boot, the aforementioned novelist, is selected by Lord Copper as foreign correspondent for his (Lord Copper's) paper, the *Beast.* However, because of the negligence of the Foreign Affairs editor, the assignment goes to one Wiliam Boot who already writes for the *Beast* a nature column entitled *Lush Places.* Before William can be sent abroad, the paper must overcome his unnatural reluctance to become a traveler on the high road of adventure. He *likes* Boot Magna Hall, his shabby old home; he likes playing cards with his nannie and, above all, he likes writing *Lush Places* because it gives him an excuse for living in the country. Finally, being outfitted and warned that the "policy" of the *Beast* requires a victory by the

middle of July, William is dispatched to cover the war between the Blacks and the Reds in Ishmaelia.

Arriving, he finds no sign of war or of warlike preparation. With his fellow-correspondents, William sits through the rainy season wondering where the Fascist headquarters might be; and when Sir Jocelyn Hitchcock scoops them all by hiding in his room and then wiring to his paper that he has discovered the Fascists in Laku, the whole tribe of newspaper men go in search of this non-existent city — all except Boot — for he is engaged in the pursuit of a beautiful German blonde! It is only by sheer accident that Boot finally sends home the story that has him recalled to England in triumph.

On the whole, the book is laughter-provoking, though if not taken in the right spirit it may appear merely silly. Nevertheless, Mr. Waugh, though sometimes extravagant in his satire on that exciting member of the Fourth Estate, the foreign correspondent, is never bitter and has always the inestimable advantage of being amusing.

MARIE YANARELLA '39.

I FOLLOW SAINT PATRICK, *By* OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY. REYNAL & HITCHCOCK, NEW YORK. 1938.

This book is an autobiography of the author's search for the places visited by Saint Patrick.

It is written somewhat in the Halliburton manner, but the author always manages to evade any of the glamorous adventures that make Halliburton's works interesting. He is deterred from his objective — that of finding places where the Saint was born and lived — by many difficulties which are stated at the outset of each chapter. The manner in which he finally overcomes these

obstacles is rather vaguely stated and one feels irritated that he was not inspired to a more adventurous enthusiasm by the scenic beauty of the land and the spirit of the wonderful Saint who preceded him.

The author is scholarly, and his knowledge is widely diversified. Consequently there is much digression — most of it interesting addition, but some dully irrelevant.

The descriptions of scenery and inhabitants are remarkably good imagery, the effect of which is heightened by blue water-color illustrations through the book. With the pride of an Irishman for Ireland, the author conveys the Welsh and Irish atmosphere so that the reader feels familiar with "the Britains."

The Confession of Saint Patrick, the Bishop, is included in the Appendix.

The book is rather dull reading by itself when the reader does not recall all the events and localities of events in the Saint's life, but it would make a colorful supplement to any biography of him.

GRACE LUND '41.

THE NAZI PRIMER, *translated from the original German with a preface by* HARWOOD L. CHILDS, *with a commentary by* WILLIAM E. DODD, *former Ambassador to Germany.*

HARPER AND BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK AND LONDON. 1938.

Rivalling the *Encyclopedia Britannica* for comprehensiveness, and a collection of fairy tales for comprehension, *The Nazi Primer* is evidence of the cleverness that is characteristic of the methods employed by official Germany, to cement the foothold which the Nazi ideology has gained in that nation, and raise upon it the

structure of Germany, the super-nation, through the next generation. The book, written in simple, concrete terms, is a compendium of philosophy, geography, biology, religion, economics, and history. It is a more or less elemental exposé of Nazi principles applied in all the fields of learning. Beginning with an analysis of the six basic races of Germans, the Primer teaches their superiority and the necessity for race consciousness and solidarity. Ingeniously interwoven and correlated with biological facts and economic principles, are the doctrines of sterilization and mercy killing.

Professor Childs, in his introduction, explains the ramifications of the Hitler Youth Program, giving a lucid, detached view of the situation. The program itself is a marvel of thoroughness and efficiency, including training for mere children and for full-fledged party members.

In a short commentary appended to the Primer, William E. Dodd, former United States Ambassador to Germany, enlarges on the educational efforts of previous German leaders, and analyzes the present anti-religious and anti-Semitic movements as to their basic purpose and ultimate results.

As a source of reliable information in a field that is of paramount interest to the contemporary world, this little volume is excellent.

MARGARET O'CONNELL '39.

Books Received

We are indebted to the St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J., for a number of high ranking Catholic publications; and we mention particularly *They Have Seen His Star* by Valentine Long, O.F.M., a concise collection of biographical sketches of prominent converts to the Church.

Blind Man's Stick by Sister Mariella, O.S.B. (Bruce Humphries Publishers) is a small volume of exquisite poetry. The whole is as fine as the first poem from which it draws its name and which has Martha grieving that "Mary hath chosen the better part."

"The first star saw
Her lashes tremble on her cheek. And then
She rested still against the great kind tree.
The summer noises in the grass came up
And pressed about her — silence
Made audible in little piping notes.
A million stars pricked out a new design
Upon the sky. She saw it through bright tears.
"Light Thou my lamp, Guest of today," she said,
Lest all my life be this futility;
To tap — with all my little reasonings —
A blind man's stick, a blind man's stick."

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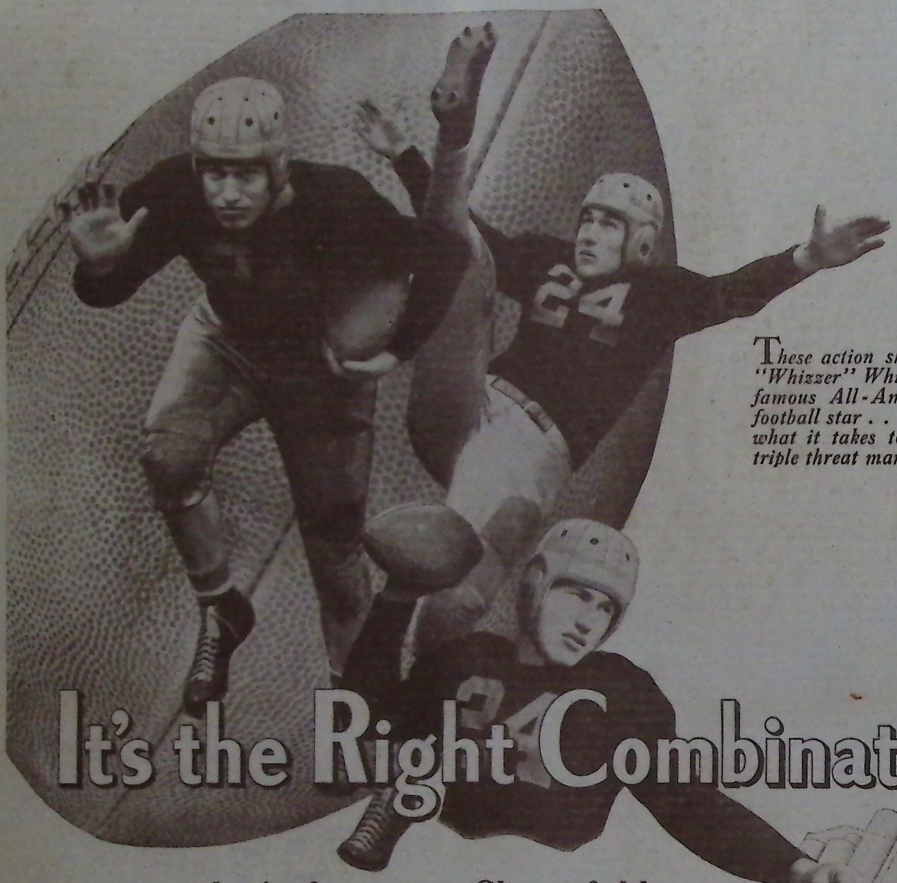

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